the Journal, in answer to a bill of discovery,

said: "We don't know what JULIAN means," etc. "If Governor MORTON did own a farm in his own or any name, which he paid honestly for, what of it? A Governor may buy a farm, we faney, if a Supreme Judge can buy," etc. This, according to legal rules, we construed to be an admission that the Governor had purchased and paid for a farm, with his own money, without any explanation as to how the

money was acquired.

tection, there is but one epithet that can fitly largement that object can easily be attained. We account for this discrepancy in the two DIANA WEEKLY HERALD on Saturday, Dearticles of the Journal, on the ground, not of cember 16. the revolving light-house, exactly, but on the ground that one was written in a lucid or sober interval, and the other at a different stage of

the moon. The Journal almost retires from the contest with the following truthful poetic lamenta-"Satire or sense, alas! can Perkins feel.

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel," We have found it a much lighter task to break the Journal butterflies than we expectby even a doggerel couplet.

of execution, the money to be puld into court. for proper distribution. As to BERRY, on considerations proper to influence the court, no judgment will be rendered. The case will stand continued, in asmuch as the Journal has made other new parties, viz: Mesers, BEACH and BEACH mysteriously got \$1,500 as to which he refused to answer. We can not answer the question, but if the influstions of the Journal are true as to Mr. BEACH, we should infer that he saight have got it improperly; and if it should appear that he had before that time and up to it been in a situation where he could get tions, it would naturally be inferred that he

about what was done with that given by Mr. House, before he introduces into Congress the Judan. Our informant thinks it went to buy Monton-Wilson project as his own! Wilson project as a lot of Judge Blackrond. We think, if the sox is gone up in the race for spoils. ORTH is bunch of fives with a dexterity astonishing to Journal will follow up the matter, it will be likely to keep his arms all over a the treasury, novices in the classic art of listiana. His able to learn all about it. Honest men very What a pity! says the Morron faction. rarely rufuse to disclose. Rogues generally conceal. We will do all we can to give the | An esteemed citizen, in a communication on Journal means of information.

Defeat of the Temperance Hill-The do not mean to be selfish. We do not intend publican Legislators and the Re-

temperance bill, and on the grounds upon venient for friends in visiting the students. Bluff stations, on the Smoky Hill route, burnwhich the Democracy have resisted such legis | Again; the pursuit of agriculture is said to be | ing one coach with express matter, the stalation, at all times. The Republicans but re- humanizing and moralizing. If we are not tions and goods stored in them, and killing six peat the arguments in Beebe ca. The State, and | past redemption, the College here might have in the HERALD on this subject, with which we a saving influence, understand the Supreme Cout theoretically concurs. A proud day this for the good old honest Democratic party. Cowgna, we believe the member's name is, we understand, runs so far shead of the Democracy on the subject, that he would not vote for a temperance law if whisky ran knee-deep in the highways of the State. We accord honesty to the members voting against the law. We believe they have honestly joined the Democratic party. We feel that this is a day of Pentecost. Let the Democracy give thanks to-day for great accessions. We believe those voting with us are This is the Republican mode of administration. that the depredations caused no interruption in the line or the regular trips of the coaches. sincerely converted to the whisky party, on principle, and we are quite sure they are in practice. Slanders upon the Democracy will now cease; and we are recompensed for those of the past by seeing the men who heaped the Department of Agriculture: them upon us now humbly at our feet. In conclusion, we wish to inquire what the sainted LOZIER has now to say? We ask Parson Birley Goodwin, now, what he thinks of us as a prephet? We desire to say to friend LOZIER that | buckwheat, ... he has our sympathy. We mingle our tears Potatoes 100,158,670 18 300,540 18,361,019 tions. Ten thousand cavalry should be along the has our sympathy. We mingle our tears of joy with his on the occasion; and the next | Total 963,288,692 1,013,429,871 1,228,591,182

The Vote on the Maine Law. For the purpose of showing who those Republicans are that have lately united with the Democrats in opposition to the Maine Law, and helped to defeat the measure, and are en- ber of bushels in 1865 exceeds those of 1864 by titled to our cordial thanks, as well as wel- 215,071,411. come, we publish the vote in the House,

politically classified. Atkinson, Bonner, Branham, Burns, Cald-Hoover, Johnson, Lane, Major, Miller, Montgomery, Reese, Rhoads, Sabin, Shuey, Stuart,

Stringer, Sullivan, Welch, Woodruff, Wright, Zeigler-32. The following Republicans voted against the time.

Higgins, Kilgore, Litson, Mcredith, McVey, Newcomb, Olleman, Prather, Rice, Riford, Sim, Woods, Pettit-23.

Republicans were for the bill, and it would have passed had not the twenty-three Repub- the commander of the Ohio Department, and a

defeat it, with the following Democrats: Bird, Brown, Burton, Burwell, Busklick,

Negro Testimony.

To the bill providing for negto instructive Judge Downey, offered the following amend-

Provided. That no person having one-cighth or more of negro blood, who has come or shall have come into this State in violation of the Thirteenth Article of the Constitution, or laws | Agricultural Department, has prepared the made to carry the same into effect, shall be competent to testify in any case in which a white person is a party in interest.

Without this amendment we cannot advocate the bill. Those negroes that are here among us in violation of the Constitution and laws of our first article on this subject, we stated that there were certain negroes who were in the State prior to and at the adoption of the Constitution, to whom our remarks were applied. By countenancing the others, we become party the latter point among the propagators of the to Republican lawlessness.

Another Court for this County. No civil business was done, of any consoquence, at the last terms of our Common Pleas and Circuit Courts, and the fall is still full. We must have more Court facilities, or the constitutional right to judicial settlement of civil controversies is of no swall to us. A general perrogatories will be based upon actual peror cities exceeding a given population would rata of the cost and proceeds of the corresanswer. If erime increases, Courts must be pondent's own flock for the year ending with multiplied. There is no courts must be the shearing of 1865. Yours, truly, multiplied. There is no escape from this.

The Weekly Herald.

the existence of the Weekly State Sentinel, New England will give us for it, yet. She will one having the longest time to run, was the Sinking Fund advertisement. Its time expires The Journal Growing Small by De-grees and Beautifully Less in Its ately proceed to make the improvements de-In his paper of November 30, the editor of signed from the first, and thus make our weekly edition correspond in typographical appearance with the daily, which has now the pround reputation of being the handsomest paper in the State. On Saturday, the 16th inst., the first issue of the Weekby Herald will be made, much enlarg. management of the Anderson Standard. typographical appearance of the weekly paper, evening, and was drowned. which we have been compelled to issue from -All the Government buildings credted at

In his paper of the 5th of December, he says, chaffre first, and then send out a specimen of "We do not know what Julian means. If will be the case on and after Saturday We did not hear his name. - Evansville Cour. he means that the Governor owns a farm near week, and we solicit the kind offices of Demo- - A company is to be formed at Evansville, man's name, he lies. What does Judge PER- to nid in getting a large circulation for the erecting a large "tabernacle" for the account do you know? that the Governor has pur- typographically, we intend to make our such other purposes as may be desirable. chased a farm with the State's money, and WEEKLY more of a readable family paper, and holds it in another man's name to escape de- | with the additional room given us with its en-

> Ownership of the Journal. Can the enormity of printing bills, paid out

of the treasury, be in the least influenced by zens, on Sunday last, rose buds almost ready any official interest in any printing establish. to burst into a full blown rose. Just think of ment? We are not willing to think so. We the open air) in December." are not aware that any State official has any interest in the Journal. Who do own the con- water that was struck on the farm of Mr. Robcern? We do hope it will not run off with the erts, two miles above Newburgh, last week, State Treasury; that is, if there is any thing and not oil, as we were at first informed. The and string up the wish-bones!" left of that institution. Are there any augean well is sunk nearly 400 feet deep, and flows about twenty-five barrels of salt water per day. You know." ed. The job is not worthy of being celebrated stables about the capitol that need cleaning The water will be analyzed, and if sufficiently out? If something is not done pretty soon to saline to be profitable, will no doubt be work-The case being caneluded, it only remains to reform the State administration, what will be ed. In the spring, as we learn, the well will be lead. Didn't be look funny in mother's heard his low, sweet voice. What for months

present administration has fled.

place. It is time the Democracy were moving.

testimeny, before a committee, of Mr. James

Orth Cits Chief of the Crawfordsville

Orth Chief of the Crawfordsville

Agricultural College.

Tuesday, advocated the location of the proposed Agricultural College near this city. We to become the organ of locality. But there can publican Court Numbers of Repub- be no doubt that a location of the College near licaus Join the Democracy. this city would be equally as judicious as that The Republican legislators have defeated the of any in the State; it would be the most con-

Leaks in the Treasury! Judge Niles is an honest man. He is an extreme Republican, and is often carried beyond a time interrupted travel on that line by their sound reason by his political feelings and depredations. prejudices. But he is an honest man. He ad- hoes, Cheyennes and Apaches, that went north mits the leakages in the treasury, and desires and joined the Sioux after the Sand Creek afto stop them. We wish he could, but know fair! The places of their attack are opposite that he can't do it. The treasury is leaking all around. It will continue to leak while the Republicans have charge of it. But, then, O. D. Co., was just beyond the scene of the atthey'll supply the leakage by laying on taxes. Clean out the vampires! This is the only re- The stock which the Indians run off was at

dress for the people. The Crops of the Northern States. The following table has been procured from

1863 199 404,036 160,595,823 148,552,899 20,782.781 11,2-8,155 19 879 973 19,543 905 10 632,178 173,800,575 176 690 664 of joy with his on the occasion; and the next time he sings "Glory, Hallelujah," we wish Hay, tons.... 19,736,847 18,116 751 23 539 710 they esteem an act of gross injustice in keeping them in service after our civil war has closed,

The August report estimated the deficiency in quality and quantity at 26,241,688 bushels. The above places the decrease in quantity alone at 12,172,944 bushels. The quality of the corn erop never was surpassed. That of the other crops is believed to be an average. The num-

The Case of Charles W. Hall. As some allusion has been made by one of Thus, the following Republicans voted for the city papers in the case of Charles W. Hall, now one of the proprietors of the Daily HER- lives of the greatest commerce of the country. ALD, of this city, concerning his connection well, Chambers, Cox, Crook, Davidson, Ferris, the Government some time ago, in the matter with certain alleged fraudulent dealings with Gregory, Griffith, Hamrick, Hershey, Hogate, of horse contrrets, and for which he was arraigned and tried by a Military Commission for the purpose, and, along with one or more others, found guilty, we think it no more than right and proper that we publish the following. which we have had in our possession for some

It seems that Mr. Hall was adjudged guilty of something or other-perhaps bribing a Gov-Boyd, Church, Cowgill, Cook, Foulke, ernment Inspector of horses to some extent, Gleason, Goodman, Gregory, Groves, Henrick, and was fined and sentenced to imprisonment. The case, however, was sent up to President Lincoln, who, after looking into it, ordered the meanditional release of Mr. Hall, declaring military chieftain, "a d-d Clerk," or whether that the facts in the case were of too trifling a It thus appears that a large majority of the character to warrant such proceedings, reign of Edwin 1. Pope's complet, about forms Thereupon the following document was sent to Mr. Hall-or rather to General Hooker,

licans above-named come over and united, to copy of it given to Mr. Hall: · WAR DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, Collins, Coffroth, coan, Glazebrook, Gregg. " Moj.- Gen, Joseph Hooker, Cincinnati, O. Washington, March 6, 1864. Hargrove, Harrison, Howard, Rimaphreys, "SIR:-The President of the United States Lasselle, Lemon, Loup, Milroy, Osborne, Pat- has remitted the sentence in the case of Charles terson, Perigo, Richardson, Ecach, Shoaf, W. Hall, citizen, as promulgated in General Orders No. 186, Head Quarters Department of Spencer, Thatcher, Veach, Melkle, White - S. Ohio, of November 24th, 1863, and directed his

discharge. E. D. TOWNSEND. (Signed) A. A. General." Attest: H. L. BERNETT, Judge Advocale. Indianapolis Gazette. (Rep.)

Circular to Sheep Dealers. Hon. ISAAC NEWTON, Commissioner of the

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Washington, December 8, 1865. DEAR SER! I desire to institute comparisons sheep-breeders in different localities and limates, and under different modes of frequing and treatment, to show not only the comparalive economy of the several practices, but also the relative probis of the different breeds. several breeds. Believing that a careful analysis of such data will add to the general fund of practical knowledge of the profit of sheep husbandry, I have no doubt that a cheerful, and carefully-considered response to these ques-It is desired that the quantity and price of each kind of feed should be given, and the number of months respectively of pasturage and winter feeding It is expected that the answers to these in-

ISAAC NEWTON, Commissioner.

Pork. With the issue of next Saturday terminates | Pork is declining. We can not tell what and in its place will appear the Intrana dictate the price we shall be permitted to re-WEEKLY HERALD. As aunounced, when the ceive. If we could keep our profits at home,

-Pierre Donatte, an old citizen of Knox

-A man named Reynolds was killed at Bloomington on Thursday last. -The Lafayettenns are hearting ever the completion of their skating pond.

-Mr. E. V. Long has assumed the editorial ed from the old Sentinel, with new rules, -A young man named Samuel E. Bailey. new heading, etc. Not satisfied with the fell into a well at Vincennes, last Thursday

causes enumerated above, we have been loath New Albany during the war were sold yesterto solicit subscription-desiring to make the day, by an order of the Secretary of War. that what he said in his paper of the 30th of our handiwork, which we, as well as our was stabled at a house of ill-fame Saturday, God's poor—your creditors! Take heed! numerous friends, could feel proud of. Such from the effects of which he died yesterday.

Centerville or any where else, in any other crats and conservatives throughout the State, with a capital of \$15,000, for the purpose of Around you! Deal your Master's stores! KINS mean? If it be meant, as it is meant, how | WEEKLY HERALD. Besides the improvements | dation of the Mission Sunday School, and for

nine of the leading retail houses of that city That was Harry all over So look out for the initial number of the In- have announced that their stored will be closed at half-past six each evening, from the 10th of December to the 1st of March. -The Vincennes Sun of Tuesday, says:

> it! A rose bush blooming in this latitude, (in -We learn that it was a strong vein of salt giving.

enter up judgment and issue execution. The left of this State will not be worth administer- be sunk deeper, in hopes of obtaining oil,—
Governor and Colonel Hortoway having ing. On reflection we are satisfied the tables. Governor and Colonel Holloway having ing. On reflection we are satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be Telegraphic Operator White the Section we are satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be Telegraphic Operator White the Section we are satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be Telegraphic Operator White the Section we are satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be Telegraphic Operator White the Section we are satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be Telegraphic Operator White the Section we are satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be Telegraphic Operator White the Section we are satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be Telegraphic Operator White the Section we are satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be Telegraphic Operator White the Section was also be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought to be the satisfied to be the satisfied to be the satisfied to be the satisfied the taking of presents by a public officer ought t P. S. Since writing the above we learn that | tor who officiates in the office of the Chicago Judge Niles is taking steps to creet a barrier and Louisville Railroad, at this place, was "Well," said Harry, after a moment's conbetween the Journal and the Treasury. It will the operator in the Greeneastle office, a small The sitting room door closed then, and lit do no good. The Journal will get the money. town south of our city. The war of words, feet pattered up stairs on their way to bed. Hope of arresting public plunder, under the which was carried on with their respective batteries, opened fierce, until finally a center

other new parties, viz: Messrs. Beacu and Judan. It calls for discovery as to how Mr. Mass Democratic Convention on the light of a faint, rising moon struck through We think such a convention ought to take much for flesh and blood to endure. Greenworst of it at long range, that the battery of in the shadow of the church, something stood the group of happy faces his alway stood alone The position of parties will be defined in Con-gress before that time. The habeas corpus his gwn, and he resolved to "set his life me into this lonely room, and fastened and held their quarrels or when the plays grew rough; gress before that time. The habeas corpus his gwn, and he resolved to "set his intermed and need upon a cast, and stand the hazard of the upon a cast, and stand the hazard of the intermed and need upon a cast, and stand the hazard of the which no close closed curtains or warm home lines of his foe. The distance to traverse to lights could ever shut out; which the width of watched my steps about the room and drew watched my steps about the room and drew at the public treasury, through business relaan invitation to those men who lately so nobly united with us against the Maine Law, to join the soon accomplished. Reaching the depot at this place he surprised his enemy, carbon and the surprised his enemy, carbon accomplished. This night it was so cold. The frests, weaver the days are lighted with it was a cold. The frests, weaver the days are lighted with it was a cold. The frests, weaver the days are lighted with it was a cold. The frests, weaver the days are lighted with it was a cold. The frests, weaver the days are lighted with it was a cold. The frests, weaver the days are lighted with it was a cold. The frests, weaver the days are lighted with it was a cold. us. Some of our cotemporaries have already rying away in his furious charge one small box- ing and weaving their pattern on the window, fading years. I see it. When the school-boy, recommended an 8th of January Convention. stove, five lengths of pipe, demolishing a line of abattis and palisades and almost reaching low merrily they were romping into bed up lies and the first Xenophon lesson, was not the battery of his adversary, when a vigorous stairs! I wished they would not-to-night-

P. S. Since writing the above, we are in. South of much of her representation in Con- with a small mouse and the mug tinted with formed that Major Gordon was a partner of gress. Out a to cut under Wilson, on this crimson and scarlet flushes on a velvet back- my shoulders and went into the other room. even the mustache of the young collegian could Mr. BEACH at the time, and can explain all point, hardly waits for the organization of the that he jumped on a passing train which quekly eurtains were drawn, red and warm and cosy, mustache! He knew how proud I was of him

weight is eleven stone.

The vanquished no doubt is now sollioquizing over his defeat with the calm and quiet composure of a philosopher, repeating to hint-

" He who tights and runs away, May live to fight another day." - Cranfordsville Review.

Six Men Killed by Indians. B. O. D. company, that on Sunday Just the Inmen. Among the killed was Fred, Merwin, messenger in charge of the coach burned. The names of the other persons are not given. The Indians who made the attack are supposed to be the same savages who recently

passed the overland route going south, and for They are thought to be the bands called "Dog Soldiers," of the Arapathe big bends of the North Platte and Arkansas, and near the head waters of Walnut creek. General Brewster, Vice President of the B tack. A letter from him informs the company that the depredations caused no interruption in once replaced by mules taken from a supply train on the road. The energy of the company will speedily place the line in thorough repair, This is but another instance of the pressing lemand for troops on the Plains, and the neglect of the Government to provide by a suita ble force against the depredations of hostile

bands of Indians. The vast commerce of the Plains has already been seriously crippled, and, if something is not quickly done, will be almost 451,947 969 530 582,443 764 427 353 totally destroyed by these repeated depreda-15 808 455 18 700,540 18,361,019 tions. Ten thousand cavalry should be along and, as they claim, their term of enlistment has expired.

Dissatisfied and uneasy at their retention in service, they are uscless and burdensome for the work they ought to do, and they should at once be mustered out and their places supplied by willing volunteers or regulars, who will be to-morrow " efficient and active in preventing the depredations of the savages, and quick to attack and punish them for the wrongs they do. Hundreds of valuable lives have been sacrificed and millions of dollars worth of property destroyed for want of a force adequate to protect the know. The Government is doing great injustice to the Western States and Territories if it fails any longer to neglect sending a force adequate to conquer the hostile bands of Indians who swarm over the plaims, and force then to be

peaceable.-Atchison Champion, Nov. 30,

King Edwin the First. The following is from the Washington correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial: I trust this Congress will do something to under which we live is a Republic, of which Andrew Johnson is President, with Edwid M. Stanton, to use the language of a distinguished it is really an absolute monarchy, under the of government, may be all very well enough for philosophy, but it won't do for actual practice. after all. If Edwin is really King, by all means let him have the crown and the name. As to his authority, there is no need of change n that, for what he exercises now is limitless and what is limitless can't be extended - so the

mathematicians say, and they're right. But if Edwin is not actually King, then it would pay to inquire by what authority he arrested and sent to prison a reporter of a Washington paper, within a week, for publishing a harmless item of news; and by what authority he denies the use of the telegraph wires to the conductors of loyal newspapers in the South while he permits gamblers, speculators and prestitutes to use them ad libitum. If he has a right to say that such and such matter shall not go to the New Orleans papers by telegraph, hasn't he a right to say it shall not go by mail, and therefore a right to interdiet the transmission of Northern papers through the mail to the South, and for that following elreniar, which will be distributed does power leave off and usurpation begin with matter to stop the mails entirely? Where the autocrat of the War Department? Or can there be such a thing as usurpation by him?

Is it " loyal" to ask the question? Think of a "d-d clerk" of the President's having a mounted guard stationed in front of his palace day and night to prevent carriages from driving past and raising a dust to persmeate his highness' chambers, and perchance reach the royal nostrils! and a guard of honor at the hall door, too! The reader may be inredulous, but it's an actual fact that for as been allowed to drive past, the residence of Edwin I, and the preventing power has been a couple' of United States Cavalry soldiers. What glorious occupation for the volunteer armykeeping the dust out of Mr. Stanton's window curtains! Who wouldn't rush to arms for such a glorious purpose? Who'd besitate? None but an arrant Copperhead. Happy Ed-

win in the possession of a dust guard; but The patrick Fleming, a murderer in juil at Chicago, under sentence of death, has sold his body to a medical college for the sum of fifty dollars. He will buy a suit of clothes to be hung in, with the proceeds of his repulsive bargain.

So I had put it there—the empty chair; and with its pitiful, appealing blankness beside me. I sat down to the festival meal. I remember just how everything looked, as in a picture—and blank them to be happy. I want you to smile, the same that he had given to his boy, and the children grouped around in the old place; and a fleck of yellow sunlight that had thrice happy guard in such a post of honor.

WINTER. He comes! The tardy winter comes! I hear his footstep through the nights; I hear his vanguard from the hights

March through the pines with muffled drums His naked feet are on the mead. The grass blades stiffen in his path, No fear for child of earth he liath!

A moment by the stream he stays-Its melody is mute! A gluze Creeps o'er its dimples, as of death! From fettered stream and blackened moor. The city's walls he silent nears: The mansions of the rich he fears! He storms the cabins of the poor!

The curtained couch, the glowing hearth,

For every gleaming hall be spares, A hundred heartless hovels hold Heart pulseless, crisp with lee and cold, Watched by a hundred grim Despairs! The forests grow by His command Who saith, "He lendeth to the Lord

> Is His! Ye stewards of the land! Here is your mission! Ye who feed The path is long to Pagan shores; Their skies are sunny; God o'er all!

Who giveth to the poor!" Your hoard ..

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER.

I don't believe we shall have a bit of fun,"

"Why, ain't she going to have a pudding?" "Oh, I s'pose there'll be a pudding, 'cause thensingle sign of a evergreen trimmin' put up, nor a flag, nor a anything. And mother she just looks so sober, and she hain't laughed all. "It is our Thanksgiving morning," said my husband, solemnly. "Let us our thanks "We noticed in the yard of one of our citi-I saw her cry too. She sent me after a clean handkerchief."

" Will allers laughed Thanksgivin', Sue. My! didn't he put it into the nuts and raisings,

bonnet after dinner!"

The parlor was cold, and the twilight hung dimmed away the silver tracery by their warm Acother picture. How the years went and

glitter of the silvered picture was left, with the

which was coming; how for months I had shrank from it, and pleaded with it to pass me by; how I had talked with it in dreams, and I see his face—why will God give us such faces

In soliciting a generous support from the people of the State, have but few words to say and few promises to

come. And now it was upon me. and thousands; nor was my grief more than

He loved these days so-my boy; he loved them so. For him and because of him they had always been so bright. And it was only the last-only the last one that he was with Just for a few days the short, happy fur-I remember his face as I met him at the door. It was only "Mother!" and "Oh, Willie!" only ing tears; happy tears I called them; yet now I can read the prophecy of their pain. God did not tell me that he would not come home o his mother again; but I knew it-from the no reproof; that indeed I was almost vexed | kiss her with his warm young lips! and see only that one vacant chair; to more. stead of this we have but a scattered, insignifihe had played among them; to sit and worship day which was coming—to live it quietly, walked with us in company, and from which was not a thorn-wreath, since "no mortal grief " " six months. from tears and lips from quivering. band had come in from his study, and was knows,

pacing the room in his restless way. "I suppose you have been preparing for- role thing; it was another to find him gone-"The children shall have their dinner, what "We do not want them to have a gloomy day of it. Mary." "I can not, can not help it. John, you "I know, Mary, I know. I am stronger to bear it than you. I will try and be cheerful for both of us; it will soon be over." That was just like him; all my burdens were

his own; all my pain doubly his. I might have known how it would be. Was this sorrow making me forgetful of my husband? Could I be that? Oh, John, I am so selfish! but you know I loved him so-if I could be brighter, John!" "I understand it all. Why, Mary!" He took me in his arms as I broke into sobbing; he took me in his arms like a child, and s there beside the fire we talked a long e. I can not tell you what we said. This child, whom the Lord had taken, was dear to him as to me; for him as for me the path we

trod was very dark. But when at last he left go and dress," me we understood one another, as in every trouble wealways had understood. We could bear any thing together. heard him take his hat, go out of the halllow which the frest was painting thicker and thicker with its cold clear pictures, and brough it I saw a solitary figure passing over

the moonlit snow and into the shadow of the

church. It was as I supposed. As I went back to the fire some sleighing party in the street shot by, singing a merry Thanksgiving song. I expect only those who mourn to understand how I listened to ft. It was a little thing to hurt me; but it did Thanksgiving! I could have laughed at the Should I give thanks? For this desclated fire-side, for that vacant chair and silent voice, for the vanished smile and touch and household blessing, for those few dimmed leters, and the heart-ache of that lock of clinging hair, and the grave beneath the early snows should I give thanks for these?

So many memories crowded into the word:

many pictures came an went, as I sat there alone in the fire-light. The boy sitting Just here at my feet he was the only one then-Tacking his nuts, and stealing the raisins from pocket after dinner, looking up into my ike Willie's. He was such a pretty baby, and or: you see, he taught me the word mother; it was his little upturned face, and the ouch of his tiny fingers, in which I first read all been there. the beauty of its holiness. How could I help months past no public or private conveyance in that he was what he was to me? What should I do with all this love that had grown into my heart for one and twenty years.

So they did see him. I alone was chosen. I ooked into his face, smiling, smiling down inonce, years ago, when I accused him with in- things become to women sometimes.

I talked, I laughed, I chatted with the upon the table-cloth. I remember everything-idren; their merriment increased with mine; I know that John had just bowed his head to ny husband's pale face lighted up; I felt my ask God's blessing on our feed, and the own eyes sparkling. And all the while, where children's eyes were closed, when I saw I they saw only that empty chair, I saw the saw as distinctly as I see this paper upon beautiful still face and happy smile. I saw which I write the words—a shadow feli across

him pleased with the old familiar customs. I the empty chair, saw him unniful of the children's jests. I saw I turned my head, and I saw him-my boy his eyes, full of their own home-love, turn Willie, I know it was Willie. You need not from one to another, and back again to me-I doubt me, for I tell you I can not be mistaken. saw and I was content. All that day he was Should not I know him, I, his mother? beside me. He followed us into the sitting- looked deep, deep into his eyes. I saw the old, room and took his seat by the cozy fire. He rare smile; I touched his own bright curis listened to his father's stories, and watched upon his forehead; I spoke to him; he spoke to the children at their games, and joined us when | me. we gathered around the pisno for our twilight a Willie!" song. Theard his voice; the children asked " Mother!"

what made me sing so clearly. The frost rimmed Graybeard's power defy: dow. I know he stooped and kissed me. I he motioned silence. His father's voice hushed the curses as he hurries by know he took me in his arms, and said, as he had said before: gan their chatter. "Did you think I should not be with you,

mother? And then I missed him. I called to him, but he did not answer. I stretched out my arms after him, but he did not come back to me. The room grew dark; my head swam; I tottered over to my husband. "Oh, John! I have lost him! Oh, John! "Mary-why, Mary! what is the matter?"

and he caught me in his arms. I looked up. I was not in the parlor by the frost-bound window; the children were not beside me. The sitting-room fire had died down into the ashes; the door of the hall was open, Many a time I should have preferred my own and my husband had on his overcoat. He was worship to any to which he could help me. "How you shiver, Mary! Why, my darling, what has happened?"
"John, where—when did you find me?" "I have just come in. I heard you cry; you | itself in my soul;

"I know, I know! I thought Oh, John! John! And then I told him all my dream. When I had unished he was still for a long time, Mr. Smith he sent up some raisins this mornint ... "Mary, perhaps the boy has been to you."

—I pecked into the paper. But there isn't a ... At this moment the clock on the mantle

called my name, I think.

So we knelt down and prayed together. "She did! Well, I s'pose it's all about When the morning really came, with its will. You know he came home last Thanks- fresh, frolicking winds, and sunlight, and blue skies; with its merry faces and gay voices, and the happy children rapping at my door, I thought of what he said: "Perhaps the boy has been to you." "Sometimes I think he the memory of his coming." All that day he "I can't help it," said Harry, apologetically. stood beside me; all that day I saw his peace-ful face, and felt the blessing of his smile, and stood beside me; all that day I saw his peace-

" I wish he wasn't dead, too, Harry; but ness of a great dread, the face and smile, and I had looked upon and feared with the bitter- knew he was there. CASTLE OPERAROR.—The gentlemanly operator who officiates in the office of the Chicago and Louisville Railroad, at this place, was a Well," said Harry, after a moment's conmy heart; and the day became once more a with us. I think he will always be. festival; just as truly a festival, I think, as it The sitting-room door closed then, and little | was when Willie blessed it and made it bright, because I knew he wished to have it so.

The older children went with us to church and deepened in the room. Just in front of that morning. Harry and Susy, finding the

castle saw plainly that he was getting the breath but a few moments ago. Through it, came! He was the only one no longer; but in

I see the smile again-older and more manmoon faint behind it. I drew my shawl over ly, but with the same child's tenderness in it; ground. So utterly demoralized had he become A bright fire was crackling on the hearth; the not hide it. How we laughed at him about that place, with the cricket pushed up beside it - college vacations are so many sunny days, they watched for him at the door; how the old coach I found I was chilled through, and sat down came lumbering up-it past the house just by the fire. Then I covered my face with my now as I write. I suppose I always hear it, I suppose I never hear it without a quickening of God knows how I had dreaded this day my pulse. I suppose I never shall. I see him

been wakened by my tears, and prayed for to be our own, our very own, and snatch them | make; while it shall be their purpose to make it equal strength to live it through; how like a phantom it had confronted me, and haunted me, would not even then, that night, with the murand dogged my steps, and the strength had not muring words upon my lips, lose the sweet published in the West, they prefer to let it speak for Our Thanksgiving had been no more, I suppose, to us than to any who love the day; the of a martyr. He knew, when he came to me, memory for ten thousand times its pain. Once more I see the smile; but it is the smile. Reelf. tender household memories clustering around with all the hero in his eyes, fired with his them no sweeter and no dearer than thousands pure bright dreams of sacrifice, loving his country as only her young men can-when he any other mother's grief. But what was that came, as if he were again a child, and asked to me or mine? Our loss was as irreparable, his mother's blessing-he knew to what he was my grief as solitary, as if the universe held no going. So, I think, did L. Yet I did not say other. For the heart knoweth its own bitter- him may. I did not hold him back with my weak tears and pleadings. I thank God for that. I thanked Him on that desolate Thanksgiving-eve. And when I go down the sloping to Democratic principles, makes him peculiarly fitted years to meet my old age without my boy, I shall thank Him still. I am very sure of that, But you do not care to hear the rest of my

lough lasted-days that brighten as the distance story. It is yours, perhaps, as well as mine between me and them grows wider and darker.

I remember his face as I met him at the door.

I was not there to see him die. I can never go back and be there to help him die. There was one woman—you have heard of her, pera close clasping and a long kiss. All that day I could not see him except through thick-fall- haps—she found him a stranger, cared for by strange hands; and when they bore him to his quick-made grave upon the battle-field she stooped to touch his face with reverent lips, and said, "Let me kiss him for his mother." God moment he crossed the threshold I knew it. bless her for that! God bless her wherever she And here was the day staring me in the face. may be! and may she never lay her first-born What will you think of me, if I say that in my away under the frozen ground, where he can children's prattle that night I saw for myself | never call to her, or take her in his arms, or with their thoughtless joy; their merry voices stung me; I shrank away from their little plays and in the shadow of the old familiar church and laughter. It was the silence only that I he is at rest. As I sat before the fire through He-he was my first-born, and I loved | all my bitter musing that night, I remembered him. To live through te-merrow's festival the solitary figure pacing round and round the without him; to fill it with the old glad customs and the old rejoicings; to come to the ta- do not say that even I, his mother, loved him watch the children play about the fire, where Did I ask for strength to live through this

we had borne him to his rest; to keep eyes free deserves that crown?" I do not know. Do we never pray for that which we will not have? Mary," said a voice beside me. My hus- Our Father, who is very patient with us, alone And then these facts of sorrow are so sharp. It was one thing to give him up-a grand, he-"To feel the door-latch stir and clink, And know 'tis no more he—nor sink."

Do you know this "surprise when one sits quite alone?" But, with my prayers or without them, the morning came, It came as other Thanksgiving mornings had come-with fresh, frolicking winds, and sunlight, and blue skies; with merry voices, with cloudless faces, and happy

The children woke me with the old rap on my door-Susy and Harry and Bertie, and May hiding shyly in the entry, lest papa should have a peep at her night-cap, half doubting. indeed, whether she was not getting to be too | of ten. much of a woman to take part in the children's sport. How merry Willie always was at it! his little rap always the loudest, and his little laugh the clearest of all. I could not forget it, and turned away to hide the quick, hot tears. "Mamma, don't talk," cried Bertie, through the keybole. "I guess she hasn't woke up-"Come away," said May, in a whisper-

mother feels badly to have Thanksgiving come you know. Perhaps she isn't well-let's And before I found my voice the little bare feet had pattered away over the entry, and it was too late to call them back. I remember just how yellow and murky the sunshine lay on the floors that morning, and how I thought the wind wailed about the corners of the house-to me it had no frolic. The children came in from coasting while I was at work, all flushed, and eager, and happy, jostling and pushing each other at play in the en-The moment they saw my face Susy grew sober, and May began to hush Harry's hughter. How could I help it? · Where's the evergreen trimmings?" asked Bertie, looking around the rooms with disap-pointed eyes. "There's a lot picked up gar-

rets, mother

Ah, that pretty celebration of the day! had never planned for it. It was Willie's fancy, and Willie's skillful fingers they were which had always made the old rooms bright and festive. How I cling to the baby-name! Yet he never minded it from me; sometimes, from a quick, pleased look in his manly eyes, I used to think he liked to have me calf him so. "May! May! fix the trimmings," I said turning away. "I-I am too busy this morn-It isn't like having you," said May, her Good terms and favorable time secured in all kinds of Property. Farm Lands and Mill property. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Misseuri Lands for sale low. Office, No. 7 Temperance Hall, Indianapolis, Ind. bright face falling, and then the children with puzzled eyes crept one by one away. Dinner-time came at last, and they gathered

"Why! what's this for?" asked Harry, stop-"Mother, you've got one chair too "Hush, Harry! I know-don't you see?" And then I heard Snsy whispering to him. Why had I done it? I hardly knew, to mine so tenderly-you can not know how lay the plates, and set the chairs, and pass that ptenderly; but in his eyes I saw—and I thought my heart would break to see it—a certain sad, reproachful look, that I had caught on his face thing; but you know how dear those little justice of some triffing childish fault-a look So I had put it there—the empty chair; and

round the table gleefully-just as gleefully, I

thought, with a half bitterness, as if they had

The voice was breathless, but it was his. "Did you speak to me, Mary?" asked my

" Why, I thought some one spoke during the blessing. Well, Miss Mary, which part of the tarkey shall I help you to? "Mamma, you're just like the old mamma you-you used to was." God knows P tried to be.

The little church was very still and pleasant that morning, and somehow the service stole away down into my heart. It was no eloquent preacher that we heard; only a plain man, with God's plainest gifts of mind and culture. But this morning his heart was very full. I saw that the day was real to him, and I listen-A bit of Mrs. Browning's music kept singing

"I praise Thee while my days go on, I love Thee while my days go on; Through dark and dearth, throuh fire and

With emptied arms and treasure lost, I thank Thee while my days go on." I think that I did thank Him-I, who only last year had sat there with my boy beside me -so manly and so brave he looked, so pleased husband, solemnly, "Let us give thanks to and at rest while he sang it with them. I think that when the dear familiar words flooded the church with harmony again, as on that other morning, and John and I clasped hands silently-I think we uttered the old, old cry, " Blessed be the name of the Lord!" We stopped after church together where the boy was lying, so let Mary lay down her little green wreath, and I was glad that she could do must have been, so real and sweet is, even now, it caimly. Somehow I felt as if tears would be profanation just then. Then we went quietly

It was a happy home that day—as happy as it could be when we did not see him. Yet I

BLAKE .- At New Philadeiphia, Ohio, on Sunday, Decomber 3, Gen. Walter M. Blake. Gen. Blak was interred here yesterday, and was followed to the tomb by his relatives and a number of old

and valued friends. He was a bother of James Blake, Esq., of this city. He came from Pennsylvania to New Philadelphia, Onio, to the year 1817, and has since that time resided at that place, e.d wirg the highest confiden e of all citizens. He held, dur ng this time, the offices of Sheriff, Judge of Conney Court, Representative and Sepator. He held the position in the Mason ic Order as Knight Templar in good standing. He lived to a ripe old age, with an unblemfehed character, and was celebrated in his community for his constant and active benevolence. He made annual gifts to the needy of his vicinity without respect to party or denomination. He will be long remembered by the citizens of Tescarawas county, Ohio, as

well as by his old and early friends here. PROSPECTUS

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